

THE ARGUS.

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BY THE J. W. POTTER CO.

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Monday, January 26, 1914.

Radium seems to have fallen here, the wealth of philanthropic press agency once owned by sea turtle serum.

While she is about it, why doesn't New York demand that the territory of its regional bank shall include Canada?

Leg muffs have appeared in Paris. That the revelations made by the split skirt are sometimes cruel is only too true.

In spite of the efforts of Julian Hawthorne, the Atlanta penitentiary is able to stand upon the record it made as a sanitarium in the case of Banker Morse.

A recent mirage showed New York upside down. It must have been about the time the theatre crowds reached the cafes.

"Anyhow, it is difficult to perceive what distinction Andrew Carnegie hopes to win over most of the rest of us by dying poor.

"We shall drive out the crooks," declares Mayor Mitchell of New York. But don't drive them in this direction; the Atlantic ocean is close by.

Mexico has decided not to exhibit at the Panama exposition. Perhaps for the good reason that there is nothing creditable left to exhibit.

The doctors and the newspaper men held a joint banquet in Waterloo. They had a splendid time, but it is not recorded that either made any conversions to the ethics of the other. Yes, it is true, there are ethics in the newspaper profession.

The friends, political and otherwise, in Rock Island of William Hoelt are rejoicing in his appointment as postmaster of Geneseo. "Billy" resided here for a number of years and during that time took a leading part in the councils of the democratic party locally and generally and the honor that has come to him is a just reward for long time and faithful service. Hoelt will make a model postmaster.

The present price of radium exceeds by four times the actual cost of production, according to Dr. Richard B. Moore, government chemist in charge of research work. The scientist who discovered the effect of radium upon cancer have the knowledge of it free to the world. But before suffering humanity can profit from it, it must pay profit to business, which is not concerned about humanity. The nation should acquire radium deposits and reduce the ore and market the mineral at cost.

Judge John W. Westcott of Camden, who made the speech placing Woodrow Wilson in nomination for president in the Baltimore convention, has been appointed attorney general of New Jersey by Governor Fielder. The Philadelphia Record says of him that "he is a rugged democrat of the old school who fully measures up to his new honors. He had long before the Baltimore convention earned a fine reputation in his own city and state as an able lawyer and a good judge." Yet at 16 years of age Judge Westcott could neither read nor write, so poor were his parents, who found it necessary to keep him at work as a glassblower. It is this kind of men that democracy develops and recognizes.

AN ELECTRIC HIGH SCHOOL.

Electricity from a government power house furnishes heat for the new high school at Rupert, Idaho, in the center of the Minidoka irrigation project, according to a statement just issued by the United States bureau of education. This is said to be the first case on record where a large building has been heated entirely by electricity. The use of electric current for heating and for a variety of other purposes in the new building has caused it to be known as "The Electric High School."

The system of electric heating installed in the Rupert high school is remarkable for its simplicity. The usual arrangement of hot air pipes, stoves, etc., have been adhered to, but instead of furnaces or steam coils a battery of electric heat units, similar to those used in electric baking ovens, provides the heat. Twenty 18-K. W. units are installed in pairs, each pair with a separate control of the current from a switch board in the principal's office. Thus the principal can regulate absolutely the amount of current used. An emergency switch in the principal's office may also be used to cut out all

current from the entire building—heat, light, power, etc.

Electricity is put to work everywhere in the Rupert building. A 10-horse power motor, besides driving the ventilating fan, supplies all the power needed for the lathes and saws in the manual training department. An electric water heater supplies the hot water for the domestic science department, for the shower baths, for the various lavatories, and for the science rooms. In the domestic science room each girl of a class of 20 has her individual electric disk stove and all necessary cooking utensils. This room will also have an electric range and other electric equipment for serving cafeteria lunches on a large scale.

In the science laboratories electric hot plates are provided for evaporation purposes, and each pupil will have an electric appliance to take the place of Bunsen burners.

The electric lighting system includes an auditorium set with stage lights and switch control equal to those of the best theatres. The lighting and other equipment have been placed with the idea of making the high school building a model "community center."

The entire electric equipment was planned by local electricians with the assistance of United States government engineers on the Minidoka project. The government supplies surplus current from its own power house 14 miles above Rupert, as a cost low enough to compete with coal. It is estimated that the cost of heating the new high school by electricity will be \$1,760 per year. Coal might have been used at a cost of about \$1,000, but the use of electricity saves the wages of a fireman at \$75 per month, and the cost of installing the electric system was \$3,000 less than for any other system of heat—the interest on this investment being saved annually. It is therefore believed that the use of electric heat in the Rupert high school, besides being a great convenience, will prove a real economy.

UNSCRAMBLING SCRAMBLED EGGS.

President Wilson's message on the trusts greatly pleases all sections of the country. The comment of the east is especially significant, as the press of that section is most sensitive on this subject and hardest to please. The New York World is so pleased it takes issue with those who have argued that scrambled eggs cannot be unscrambled. Says the World:

Mr. Wilson's message is the final answer to the late J. Pierpont Morgan's cynical remark that "you can't unscramble eggs." The eggs are going to be unscrambled. Some of them have already been unscrambled. The eggs could never have been unscrambled by a president who tried campaign fat out of Wall street and talked about "the great Morgan interests which have been so friendly to us." They could never have been unscrambled by a president whose party organization was in the pay of Big Business. They never could have been unscrambled by a demagogue intent on keeping the issues alive for his own political aggrandizement. But they can be unscrambled by a president who is honest, just, intelligent and sincere, and is seeking only to promote the public welfare. This is a great lesson that Woodrow Wilson has taught the country. Wall street itself responds to the program of such a man, and finds in him a bulwark against the assaults of demagoguery, passion and socialism.

The president has done his work well. It remains now to be seen how well congress will do its share. The measures of legislation suggested by the president reach into all the complicated machinery of business, and they are not to be drafted crudely and carelessly. To turn these recommendations into law is a work of care, patience and skill which calls for the highest order of statesmanship of which the congress of the United States is capable.

TRAIN ROBBERY EPIDEMIC.

The epidemic of train robbery is on the increase. Scarcely a day passes, or more accurately, a night, that some train is not held up and passengers compelled to disgorge their valuables. The robberies are confined to no one part of the country. They occur in the east and the wild west. It seems an easy matter to rob a train, as most of the robberies are successful and the perpetrators thereof escape.

If the holdups continue, it may be necessary to furnish every passenger with a gun when he buys his ticket, or provide each coach with an armed guard with orders to shoot on sight any masked invaders.

Concrete Bells.

The peculiar vibratory or nonvibratory properties of concrete are strikingly shown in bells made of this material. A bell cast in concrete will ring almost like a metal bell, but a slight touch of the hand serves immediately to stop vibration and the resulting sound. This is due to the lack of homogeneity from the standpoint of sound transmission.—London Standard.

On the Go.

"My husband is not home two nights a month."

"You should get the minister to see him."

"He is the minister—always being called away to see people."—Kansas City Journal.

In a Bad Way.

"Here is a doctor who says you mustn't eat when you're worried."

"But suppose you're always worried for fear you ain't going to get anything to eat?"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Capital Comment

BY CLYDE H. TAVENNER

Congressman from the Fourteenth District.

(Special Correspondence of The Argus.)

Washington, Jan. 24.—There is a lot of loose talk going the rounds in Washington that the president has

"let up on special privilege" and that the administration, having put through the chief measures to which it was pledged, is now prepared to forgive and forget past offenses by the rich malefactors and is intending to let things drift along much as they have been permitted to do in the past.

Some of this gossip is being spread by well-intentioned persons who are letting their wishes rather than their thoughts govern their utterances. They see that the tariff and currency laws have not paralyzed the nation and now they are trying to whoop up the stock market and inaugurate a business boom.

If this gossip were confined to Washington it would do no particular harm. But unfortunately it is picked up by the newspapers and scattered throughout the country. The result is that the people who elected President Wilson to end the economic injustices which they have suffered and are suffering, are likely to have the feeling that they have been deceived.

In line with this sort of idle gossip were the recent newspaper articles that there would be no trust legislation during the present session. This rumor was quite generally credited here, for it arose when President Wilson was out of the city. When he returned the correspondents who had telegraphed this "news" were ruefully compelled to acknowledge that they were mistaken.

There is now another rumor of the same sort going the rounds. It is that the president will use his influence

with the interstate commerce commission to have the five per cent increase in railroad freight rates granted. Some of the wisacres studying the president's trust message read his comment on the intimate connection between railroad and general prosperity and, knowing that there has been a considerable influence brought to bear on Mr. Wilson to have him sanction the rate increase, made the deduction that he has yielded.

The fact is that this rumor, like its predecessor, is absolutely false. The president has no intention of interfering in any way with the commission. I cannot honorably reveal my source of information as to Mr. Wilson's attitude, but the above assertion is the exact truth.

A number of democrats, and influential democrats, I regret to say, have been to see Mr. Wilson and have urged him to take a stand in favor of the increased rates. But these men put political expedience before patriotism. Their argument is that whether increased rates are justified or not, to grant them will be to bring about a business boom which the democratic party in the campaign next fall could attribute to the tariff and currency.

But Woodrow Wilson is not that kind of a statesman. He has told his callers plainly that his legislation must stand on its own merits. As for the railroads, they must justify their request for increased rates before the commission if they are to have their request granted. There will be no executive interference.

The president's position is simply this: If the facts are as the railroads claim, then the increased rates should be granted; but if the investigation shows that increased rates are necessary simply to pay dividends on watered stock, there is no justification for the increases. It is a question of fact for the commission.

Another bit of moonshine is the story that if the railroads accept the president's program of having the commission regulate railroad finances, he, in return, will intercede for the increased rates.

ILLINOIS NEWS

Giant Negro Beaten.

Aurora, Ill., Jan. 26.—Charles Jordan, a giant negro, who has been the terror of Kane county for years, took his first beating Saturday night at Batavia. He got into an argument with James Quinlivan, a young husky white with pugilistic aspirations. The white man gave him a terrific beating in the fight that followed. The negro staggered to his home a badly beaten man, but returned a short time later armed with a gun. He sought out Quinlivan and found him surrounded by a host of admirers. Without any warning Jordan shot him. Today Jordan is in jail and Quinlivan is in a hospital badly injured. The white man will recover.

"Dry" Campaign On in Ottawa.

Ottawa, Ill., Jan. 26.—Mayor W. W. Bennett of Rockford addressed 1,500 persons at a theatre yesterday afternoon in the "dry" campaign. The "Wets" flooded the city with newspapers showing the vacant stores in Rockford.

Judge Guards Bank Meeting.

Ottawa, Ill., Jan. 26.—Creditors of the Tonica Exchange private bank will meet today to elect a trustee in bankruptcy. Trouble is feared. It will be the first meeting between John E. Hartenbower and George Hiltabrand.

proprietors of the bank, and the depositors. Judge Carpenter of Chicago has ordered United States marshals to attend and preserve order. The bank's liabilities have been estimated at \$500,000.

Locates Son After 35 Years.

Du Quoin, Ill., Jan. 26.—After a separation of 25 years, Mrs. W. J. Weidner of Oklahoma City yesterday learned the whereabouts of her son, Charles Dietrichs. The son is living in Centuria, Ill. He ran away from home when he was 8 years old.

House Falls on Bridal Party.

Aurora, Ill., Jan. 26.—A bride and a groom are in the hospital and 20 guests at their wedding now are nursing broken bones or bruises, the result of an accident when the nuptial celebration was at its height. The house collapsed while the bride and groom and the guests were dancing the tango. Mrs. Florence Bish, the bride, received internal injury and a sprained arm. Joseph Bish, the groom, has a broken arm, sprained ankle, and probable internal injuries. The attending physician said the bride might die.

Washington—Appeals of Frank M. Ryan, president, and 23 other iron workers, whose convictions in the dynamiting case were affirmed by the United States circuit court at Chicago, will be filed soon in the supreme court of the United States.

"The Young Lady Across the Way"



We half humorously observed to the young lady across the way that her dog did not seem to have the slightest pulchritude about him and she said she was using a new kind of soap on him now and it was very effective.

The ONLOOKER

HENRY HOWLAND

USEFUL YET



My little boy has learned a lot since first he started off to school;

Much that I long ago forgot he has but lately learned by rule. I once knew how to parse, but now the knack has somehow gone from me; He feebly chews the grammar up; he knows the whole thing to a T; Sometimes he is inclined, I fear, to look upon me with disdain, as I shun, although I still come in handy here—I earn the pleasures that we gain.

I cannot name the boundaries of Burma or Belochistan; He does it with the greatest ease, and proudly shows me that he can; He works out problems that I shun, although I could have solved them once.

Sometimes I more than half suspect that he regards me as a dunce. Perhaps I might go back and learn if I had fewer daily cares. But, after all, 'tis I that earn the food he eats, the clothes he wears.

My little boy is learning fast, while I forget year after year; The records of the misty past, to me so vague, to him are clear; He writes a better hand than I, his letters are more plainly made; He spells words that I cannot spell without the dictionary's aid; He is inclined sometimes, I fear, to think his boyhood was mispent; But I still come in handy here—I foot the bills and pay the rent.

For Instance.

"Is the sphere, said the philosopher, 'the first principle of nature. The earth is a sphere, the sun, the moon and the stars are spheres. The rainbow is a sphere; nearly all fruits and seeds are spherical, and what is it that a child learns to play with first? A ball. Our eyes are spheres, and our heads, by far the most important parts of us, are round. In fact, there's hardly anything of any importance that isn't round.'"

"Oh, yes there is," replied the iconoclast.

"What, for instance?"

"A sirloin steak."

Pulpit Philosophy.

"Do you ever notice while you are preaching, Dr. Goodman, that people are asleep?"

"Sometimes I do."

"Doesn't it bother you at all?"

"Not in the least. I always console myself by remembering that if they were awake they would probably be coughing or blowing their noses."

Giving Man Credit.

"I don't believe any man is really good," she said. "When you find one who doesn't go wrong it is because he is afraid."

"Oh, it isn't always because they are afraid," replied her friend, who was married. "Very often it is because they haven't the price."

UNIQUE.

"So yours was the class of '90?"

"Yes. It was a distinguished class, too."

"In what way?"

"There was no body in it whom we called Fatty."

"Making Home Happy."

He never grumbles at his wife. Nor has to hook the waist he wears; A solved from all domestic cares; When he gets home at one a. m. No terror lingers in his heart; Contentment dwells with both of them—They live a thousand miles apart.

"On Condition."

"Well," said Mrs. Packenham, "there's one consolation a woman who is growing stout may have, anyhow."

"What is that?" Mrs. Vandolyers anxiously inquired.

"She can wear longer ropes of pearls."

"No Reason to Fear."

"And remember this, my boy," said the man whose son was starting to college, "don't kill the goose that lays the golden egg."

"All right, dad. You needn't fear that I'll ever be guilty of patricide."

"Hasn't that girl an ethereal look?"

"Very."

"Let us listen to what she is saying to her companion. I'll wager it is something soulful."

"Yes," said the ebullient one, "my sister likes tripe, but I prefer limburger."—Chicago Journal.

The Daily Story

THE BABY DID IT—BY F. A. MITCHEL.

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"What's that?"

President Lincoln was sitting in his room at the White House dispatching the enormous business involved in the great struggle that he was directing, while his anteroom was crowded with those waiting their turn for all they could expect—a few words with him. The door between him and these persons stood ajar, through which came the cry of a baby. The president ceased from his labors and listened. The cry was repeated. The work of administering a government with 1,000,000 soldiers in the field, struggling for its existence, was brought to a standstill by the cry of an infant.

Mr. Lincoln called an attendant, charged with the introduction of visitors, and asked him what it meant.

"A woman is waiting without who has been here two or three different days. She comes from a long distance and has to bring her child be-

about two hundred. The ground was bad for a picket line; scrubby trees and bushes scattered irregularly."

"Gone over to the enemy," said the officer.

The name of Private John Williams was entered on the regimental rolls of his regiment as a deserter. Meanwhile Williams was huddled in with other prisoners of war in the rear of the Confederate lines, awaiting transportation to Libby prison at Richmond. He spent some months there, when the prison becoming crowded, a detachment of prisoners was sent to a stockade prison situated in South Carolina. Williams, with others in the same car with him—freight car—laid a plan to escape. One of them had concealed a caseknife on his person and during the long hours of prison life had occupied his mind inventing ways to make a saw of it by nicking the edge. He had made poor headway until a fellow prisoner lent him a file. After that the matter was easy.

Williams and his friends in the freight car by means of the improvised tool managed to saw through a board in the floor of the car. When the train stopped during the night they removed the board and let themselves down through the aperture. Of three men who made the attempt two succeeded in getting away; the third was shot by the guard. Williams was one of the men who got away, but he and the other ran in different directions and did not come together again.

An account of the wanderings of Private Williams would be much the same as other escaped prisoners of war from '61 to '65. He traveled at night and was hidden by the negroes during the day. His compass was the north star. He suffered terribly from exposure and lived on berries, green corn and such other vegetable food as he could find except when some kind negro gave him a little corn pone.

Williams in order to escape detection took often to swamp lands. There he contracted fever, and when finally he dragged himself into the Union lines he was placed in a hospital.

It was about this time that the United States government was beginning to pay bounties to those who would enlist. This afforded an opportunity for criminals to secure the bounty and desert. Enough of this was done to attract the attention of the generals, and they sought to put a stop to it by trying the bounty jumpers for desertion and shooting them in presence of their comrades.

It was reported to the colonel of John Williams' regiment that a soldier was in hospital who had given that name on being received there. He became delicious, but was now better. The colonel directed the surgeon in charge of the hospital to send Williams to him under guard as soon as he was discharged.

What has been told here having been briefly stated to the president, the woman handed him a soiled letter to read. It had been dictated by her husband, who was lying ill at the time, to one of those self-sacrificing women—both of the north and the south—who gave so much comfort to the sick and wounded of the war. It recounted his capture, his escape, his wandering and privations, ending with a piteous request for her to come to him by friends.

"I was helped to go to him by friends," she added, "and when I found him he told me that as soon as he was well enough he would be shot for desertion."

The poor woman had been told what was true. Her husband could at that time get no proof of the story he had to tell. His witnesses were all out of from him by a bristling line of bayonets. And even if he could have been free to go to them, he would not have been able to find the only witness who could clear him, the man who had captured him. His wife had appealed to his colonel for mercy, but he had set his teeth, resolved to stop desertion if he had to shoot every man in the army.

Such was the situation that was brought before Mr. Lincoln by the cry of a babe. And it would have been even more pathetic had the kind hearted president known when he heard that the cry was an unconscious pleading for its father's life. Mr. Lincoln had no proof that the woman's story was true; he required no proof. He saw a woman pleading for her husband's life with his child in her arms, and he had no desire, no time, to investigate.

"You shall have your husband," he said, "and he shall have his pay, with leave of absence and transportation to his home."

The end of the scene was told in these words by the messenger who had introduced the woman to the president and was present during this interview of life and death:

"As he turned to his desk to write the order the poor woman absolutely lost consciousness of her surroundings in her joy and gratitude. She stood by the president's side, holding the baby on one arm, while with her disengaged one she gently stroked the president's ruffled hair, saying, 'God bless you; God bless you!'"

Jan. 26 in American History.

1750—General Washington publicly reprimanded General Benedict Arnold for trivial offenses, as directed by a court martial. The reprimand was in fact a eulogy of one of our most valued commanders.

1803—General Joseph Hooker was appointed commander of the Federal Army of the Potomac.

1907—Rev. Henry Martyn Field, clergyman and author, former editor of the New York Evangelist, died; born 1822.

It is the hatred or narrow minds of liberal ideas that fetters the march of progress.—Victor Hugo.